



# Welcome to the Gungeon



95 2 2

## Chapter 1 by PyromaniacSoap

I am here as another traveler who wishes to kill my past with the legendary gun that lies deep within the Gungeon. The first floor wouldn't be easy. I know the silver bullets and Gatling Gulls are waiting for me in those dark depths, but now is not the time. I must first beat Blockner. The terrible "tutorial" boss. When I say terrible, I mean terrible at his job. He's supposed to make people turn back and never return to the Gungeon, but everyone says he's a push-over. This doorway may be the only one which fills me with determination. I battle my way through room after room of small gun-shell shaped men. I beat the boss. My journey begins. The legendary weapon is there! I WILL kill my past!

## Chapter 2 by Sci-Fi Pie



I return to my... do I call him my colleague? My friend? I return to my partner-in-crime. Yeah, that's more appropriate. He's the one that built the bloody time machine in the first place! I show him the gun.

"So... why exactly do I need to use **this** specific gun?" I ask.

"When you use my machine to go back in time, I made it so that you won't be able to affect anything. That would have horrible consequences! The only way you can affect the course of history is if you use this gun."

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"And please keep the changes minimal. Stick to the plan. No killing Hitler. No stopping JFK's murder. No destroying the nuke. None of those shenanigans."

"Um'kay. Understood."

"Now, put on this suit. Otherwise, you won't be able to affect the course of history, even with the gun." He opens a box with the suit. I'm not gonna lie. It's kinda awkward because he insisted that he must help me put it on. It has at least 2 dozen different parts and I was standing there completely naked for the majority of 10 minutes in front of a guy I only know because I was looking for somebody who would build me a time machine and wouldn't ask too many questions. But, still. This is gonna be worth it.

### Chapter 3 by Adriana O-K



#### *Silence*

Pain. An overwhelming migraine hammers my tired brain. My arms are aching. My legs are aching. My entire body is aching.

It's so dark in here. All I see is blackness. Then I open my eyes.

I crawl out of the cardboard box, the one that somehow took me back a week. Or three months. Or was it a year? Two?

It doesn't matter.

The gun. It's not here.

I search the box and outside too only to see a man walking down the street. He passed the gun to a teal-haired woman wearing glowing hoops and a helmet. The man had the same helmet.

I wasn't in the past, I was in the future.

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